

1507/1568

Roscius THE *Juvenile*
JUVENILE ROSCIUS.

[PRICE ONE SHILLING.]

THE

JUVENILE



(PRICE ONE SHILLING)

T H E
JUVENILE ROSCIUS:

O R,
Spouter's Amusement.

BEING A
C O L L E C T I O N
O F

ORIGINAL PROLOGUES, EPILOGUES,
DRAMATIC DIALOGUES, COMIC LECTURES,
BURLESQUE SCENES, IMITATIONS, &c.

L O N D O N :

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M D C C L X X .



T H E

JUVENILE ROSCIUS.

The CURIOUS TRAVELLER'S ADDRESS
to the SPOUTERS.

MY kind worthy friends, wou'd the muses inspire,
I'd speak like a son of Parnassus with fire ;
But since the coy maids my addresses disdain,
I'll jingle without inspiration or pain :
For those who in friendly addresses would please,
Should speak without study the hearer to ease.
My business is roving—I never am still,
But sink in the valley, or mount on the hill ;
Then breathe in the meadow, or brush o'er the down,
Enjoy the calm village, or view the gay town ;
Converse with the rustic, or toy with the maid,
Who blushes her wishes, or pants as afraid.

B

To

To view those sweet creatures were you, friends, decreed,
 Who churn in the dairy, or milk in the mead ;
 The bustling Babylon soon you'd forsake,
 And haste out of town a commandment to break.

Prometheus, as bards apostolic have told,
 With inanimate clay form'd a virgin of old ;
 And then robb'd the skies of ethereal fire,
 To quicken the mass, and enjoy his desire.
 'Twas a glorious affair, 'tis confess'd at this day,
 But I in my travels have found out a clay,
 Which will make as fine virgins as e'er saw the day ;
 And as I acknowledge Apollo my god,
 He'll perhaps lend a ray to enliven each clod :
 He'll kindly remit me a beam from the skies,
 To make their blood flow—and put darts in their eyes.

If a friend I obtain in the palace of light,
 My good spouting friends I intend to invite ;
 That as soon as the clay's for experiment rife,
 They may see the sweet creatures all start into life.
 To survey all their charms, to behold every part,
 Each limb, and each feature an absolute dart :
 Do you think you could gaze, friends, and each keep
 his heart ?

No, No, after ogling you'll think of a wife,
 And marry an image to bless you for life ;
 For sure, such sweet helpmates all mankind must prize,
 Just spic-and-span new from friend Lee and the skies ;

Create



Created for marriage, mature in a trice,
 And strangers to follies—to whimsies and vice.
 Unlike our tormentors, who, born of the sex,
 Are suckled for plagues, and instructed to vex;
 For ladies in rapture and extasy got,
 To run in excesses continually plot;
 And females so made should be surely abhorr'd,
 Since a porter can get them as well as a lord.
 But those to be made, as you find I have plann'd,
 By the delicate touch of my soul-giving hand,
 Of every beauty and virtue may boast,
 And they all shall be dumb—which will please you the
 most.

Then, my friends, unmolested may all waste their lungs,
 For they'll hear with their ears—not reply with their
 tongues.

But if god Apollo my boon should deny,
 And refuse to remit me a beam from the sky;
 I'd advise to quit town, and to meadows repair,
 You'll find nymphs, plump, sound, ruddy, wholesome
 and fair:

Your merits theatric will soon win their hearts,
 And to please them I beg you will spout all your parts.
 As for virgins, excuse me, they're hard to be found,
 For rogues you must know in each village abound,
 Who plough up virginity more than their ground. }
 Still that's but a trifle, for if you are wise,
 You'll deem all flesh good that's not blown on by flies;

"Perdition catch my arm, the chance is thine!"
 "Perdition catch my arm, says I; why mine?"
 But making no reply he clench'd his fist,
 And stalking off, roar'd out, "Oh lift! Oh lift!"
 Another wav'd his hands, and storming frown'd,
 "Thus far our arms have with success been crown'd."
 The other day one would not let me pass,
 But begg'd that I would "prick him down an ass."
 A monkey-man bedaub'd with silver lace,
 With mincing step, and round unmeaning face,
 Squeak'd out, "of every creature, I'll be curst,
 "But I detest those hackney-coachmen worst."
 Some brothers of the whip th' expression caught,
 And with their lassies how to love them taught;
 The spark declar'd, if they were men he'd draw,
 But since he found them brutes, he'd go to law.
 Another, trembling, with himself at strife,
 Cried out, "save all I have, and take my life."
 I heard another storming at a whore,
 "Rage on, ye winds, burst clouds, and waters roar."
 But the most impudent I ever found,
 Knitting his brows—declaim'd in horrid sound,
 "Let there be not one glimpse, one starry spark,
 "But gods meet gods, and jostle in the dark."
 Thought I, a very pretty modest wight,
 To want the gods to cuff without a light.
 But it requires than mine a greater wit,
 To tell the freaks you spouting sparks commit;

Then

Then since your madness is by all allow'd,
 I, as your first reformer, shall be proud :
 Let me advise you then to burn you plays,
 And in your proper callings pass your days :
 Use yards and scales—not copy kings and queens
 Behind the counter—nor behind the scenes.
 Your stars are at their crisis—tempt not fate,
 Sink to less vanity, to rise more great :
 Think not because you've more than Garrick's size,
 To greater merit you can ever rise :
 The fond ambition of your bosoms still,
 Resume the file, the needle, or the quill.
 Let no vain schemes your idle thoughts employ,
 Quit mimic, mirth and woe—for real joy ;
 Learn then your real interest to explore,
 And follow Scrubs and Romeos no more.

The PARSON'S TENET.

An Imitation of ROWE.

I Own the wanton subject fires my breast,
 And all my soul is in my eyes confest :
 Above my bishop or my well-starch'd hand,
 Above my tythes, I prize a female hand.
 In amorous conquests I would rise to fame,
 And emulate lascivious * Wilmot's name ;
 Think nothing too profuse to purchase charms,
 And die with pleasure in a virgin's arms.

P R O L O G U E.

Spoken at a Young Gentleman's Boarding School.

SUCCESS does emulation cause,
 Augmented efforts rising from applause :
 Happy we own ourselves by former praise,
 As candidates again we eye the bays ;
 Once more we'll try our talents on the stage,
 And traverse o'er again the comic page.
 Should you the same good-nature shew to night,
 As when your presence first we did invite,

* The celebrated earl of Rochester, of lecherous memory.

Next

Next year, with all our powers we'll essay,
 To give you pleasure in the tragic way :
 And should we wrong the beauties of the stage,
 We hope protection from our tender age.
 Suspend your judgment, and your censure leave,
 And emulation with kind smiles receive ;
 Pass by our faults—and if desert you find,
 To rising merit be a little kind.
 Let our endeavours in your praises live ;
 To him who merits most the laurel give.

P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Miss SMITH, a child of six years of age.

FOOTE with his little girl has pleas'd the town,
 On me papa imagines you'll not frown,
 And sent me here, to prove this very night,
 Each crow will always think his own most white.
 He says, that I must speak—Can I say aught,
 By which my duty may in doubt be brought ?
 No—none but naughty girls will disobey ;
 Just as papa commands I'll speak or play.
 Besides, an inclination to aspire,
 Promotes my wishes to obey my fire.
 Within my breast, I feel, I needs must tell,
 A very strong ambition to excel.

Since

Since emulation glows within my breast,
I'll imitate, if not exceed, the best.

Upon the stage but once I trod before,
Then cloaths improper for my sex I wore :
The part of York was cast for me to play ;
How I behav'd, I leave who saw, to say :
In jest I wore the breeches—but declare
In real life I never mean to wear.
The thirst of rule within the female mind,
Too great I'm told each girl of sense will find ;
And if a girl, when blest with sense, can rule,
What government's expected from a fool ?
Papa, your approbation does invite
By me, t'approve the labours of this night :
No other good himself, or comrades need,
For, blest with your applause, they're blest indeed.

The BULL and BOAT.

A COMIC INTERLUDE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MARCAUSE, a Justice of the Peace.

BUMKINET, 1st Clown.

STURDYSIDES, 2d Clown.

'TIS I can twist and twine the clearest case,
 And plain conviction in an error trace ;
 'Tis I can form, or make, or marr a cause,
 And smoothe the aspect of hard-featur'd laws.
 One man I've clear'd altho' accus'd of blood ;
 Another mittimus'd for being good.
 'Tis strife and mischief brings me all my wealth,
 Therefore to none I wish or peace or health.
 To composition if I am inclin'd,
 Before—a fellow-feeling made me kind ;
 But full of rancour if my heart you deem,
 Just touch my palm, I'll not be what I seem :
 You think me mercenary—you mistake me ;
 I'll always be good-humour'd if you'll make me.
 Extended hands, you know, expect a fee,
 My maxim is—to be—or not to be :
 That is, by fee I shall from doubt be freed,
 And for the plaintiff or defendant plead,
 And him who gains me, must the freest bleed.

}
 Enter

Enter BUMKINET.

Your worship, and please ye, I've brought you a guinea;
 I always fee first, for faith, I'fe no ninny.
 I've a bull, you must know, us'd to graze yonder mead,
 For all is but fact I shall tell you indeed;
 Near this mead runs a river, your worship must know,
 Where the cattle when drouthy to watering go:
 My bull to go thither by thirst was compell'd,
 When lo! near the margin a boat he beheld;
 The water was clear, and the weather quite fine,
 So he stept in the boat without any design.
 This bull, like your worship, with gravity blest,
 Look'd about him, and did nothing more I protest;
 When the boat most feloniously stole him away,
 Therefore to your worship for justice I pray.

Enter STURDYSIDES.

If your worship will please to my tale to attend,
 I'll make every hair on your head stand an end;
 This man, whose's a scoundrel between you and I,
 Keeps a bull in a mead by the river hard by:
 This bull coming down to the river to drink,
 Spy'd my boat which was ty'd to a stump near the brink;
 Now some rogues having stolen my cable away,
 My boat I secur'd with a band made of hay;
 The bull stepping into the boat, as I find,
 Was much to devour the hay-band inclin'd;
 Then seizing my cable he gnaw'd it amain,
 And my boat's grand security sever'd in twain.

For

For justice I came, and for justice I ask,
And justice to give is your duty and task.
But before you to judgment proceed, I intreat
You'll this guinea accept—for a fee is but meet.

MARCAUSE.

Here's boatum versus bullum, and bullum versus
boatum;
Here hand me down the statutes, that I may thumb and
quote'um;
The pleas are both equal—the cases the same,
For you're not in fault, nor your neighbour to blame;
No statute to punish the bull does appear,
And the boat, was it try'd, wou'd most surely get clear;
Therefore I'd advise that you'd both sue the stream,
For that stole them both as per case it must seem;
The stream then alone must your damages bring,
So Heaven keep the laws, and the lawyers, and king.

An

AN IMITATION OF ADDISON.

OVID, it must be so—Thou reason'st well;
 Else whence this pleasing pain—These tender
 doubts—

This longing after something unpossess'd ?
 Or whence these anxious thoughts, and dreary views
 Of distant woe?—Why shrinks the throbbing heart
 Back on itself, and trembles at enlargement ?
 'Tis the soft tenderness that stirs within us ;
 'Tis love itself that points the paths to rapture,
 And intimates a paradise to lovers.—

A paradise—a heaven—Oh pleasing thoughts !
 Through what delicious scenes, ideal blest,
 Through what soft sentiments the soul must pass !
 The wide, the pleasing prospect lies before us ;
 But doubt and fears obscure the distant view.
 Here will I hold—if there's a god of love,
 And that there is all nature plainly proves,
 In soft emotions—he must delight in truth ;
 And that which he delights in must be happy.—
 But when or where—This world was made for Florio—
 I'm weary of conjectures, this will end them—

[*Taking a love letter in one hand, and Ovid in the other.*]

Thus am I doubly arm'd ; my joy, my grief,
 My pain, my pleasure, now I hold before me ;—
 This in a moment wou'd destroy my passion,

But

But this informs me women may be conquer'd.
 The heart, secur'd in constancy, will smile
 At harshest threats, and boldly frowns defy :
 • Courtiers shall grow sincere, mechanic's honest,
 And ancient maids a proffer'd spouse refuse ;
 But thou, my soul, in constancy sincere,
 Shall view unmov'd each variegated charm,
 And laugh to scorn attractions of the sex.

AN OCCASIONAL PROLOGUE.

Spoken at CAMBERWELL.

AT Stratford Garrick is—To Bristol Powell's gone ;
 Their chief subalterns too now ramble up and down
 To spend their time—Till the autumn equinox
 The scatter'd wanderers recall—when playhouse locks
 Again admittance grant ; again each effort's try'd,
 To win th' applauding shout—the player's pride ;
 The Town must always be the player's guide. }

But we, who figure in an humble sphere,
 To lose no part of the revolving year,
 To Camberwell have fled, and hither brought
 Our household deities—Pleas'd with the thought,

That

That tho' at Shakespeare's shrine we cannot bow,
 Yet Alleyn's * shade some honour will allow.
 His name shall modest diffidence protect,
 Augment each merit, lessen each defect;
 The audience court to hospitable love,
 Our humble efforts kindly to approve;
 Pleasure without variety will cloy,
 Sameness of bliss will change to pain, from joy.
 Pleasure is pleasure—and our nature's frame
 Says, change the mode, the substance is the same:
 Then hither come an idle hour to kill,
 We'll change the mode, but we'll amuse you still.

* Mr. William Alleyn, the celebrated comedian, who
 founded the college at Dulwich.

PROLOGUE,

P R O L O G U E.

Spoken at a PRIVATE BENEFIT.

AT Covent Garden the two last years employ'd,
 I strove to please, and sometimes smiles enjoy'd;
 Against our monarch tho' I ne'er rebell'd,
 I was some how—I can't tell why expell'd:
 But at expulsion why should I repine,
 It's many great mens fate as well as mine.
 Some think dame Fortune's game of in and out
 Among the noble only make a rout,
 But in theatric states it is the same;
 Worthless we rise, or faultless sink to shame.
 How many things conspire the overthrow
 Of the poor man who is already low!
 What wond'rous pains to keep the fallen down,
 The tone assuming, and the purse-proud frown!
 How many things his brittle fortune crack,
 Whine to his face, and lie behind his back;
 Nor are all truths in candor's mirror seen,
 For some view objects through the glass of spleen.
 But since what fate bestows we must receive,
 And none mend matters who sit down and grieve;
 Soon as disbanded, I bade Care defiance,
 Invok'd Miss Mirth, and courted her alliance.
 Miss Mirth is kind, and when she's call'd appears,
 She bade me raise this troop of volunteers;

This

This generous troop, who come to serve a friend,
And scorn each selfish mercenary end.
First, my respects I humbly pay to you,
Next to my friends behind my thanks are due.

EPILOGUE.

Spoken by the Same.

PAtience, my friends behind—one thing's forgot,
I know you've done your part, but I have not;
But e'er I tell the sequel of my case,
I think I'll flap my hat, and hide my face.
Ladies, to you—I think, to you I'll speak—
My spouse—my wife—has been above this week—
Pshaw! pshaw!—this week, I mean for some months
past,

So ill, I though each day would be her last:
She's grown prodigious big, and has such qualms,
As each fair has who courts Lucina's alms;
So pray accept, since you have been so kind,
Her thanks, with mine; she bears a grateful mind:
Pray, do I blush now I have told my case?
Can you the modest tints of crimson trace?
Since I found not internally the glow,
I fancy you saw no external show,
So off my hat—and up its flap shall go.

D

Nay,

Nay, now I think on't, where was cause for shame?
 For if my wife's with child—am I to blame?
 A cause for shame—it's rather cause for joy,
 Who knows but she may bring a chopping boy,
 Who may, perhaps, arrived at proper age,
 Shine forth a Roscius on a future stage?
 For from the self-same cause you all well know,
 Great Shakespeare liv'd, and wrote some time ago;
 And from the self-same cause, you must allow,
 Great Garrick lives, and acts, and charms us now;
 And from the self-same cause, my friends behind,
 Have hospitably been so very kind;
 And from this cause, you scarcely need be told,
 This night, this glorious circle I behold.

AN IMITATION of Mr. ROWE.

WERE you, ye gamesters, cautious whom ye trust,
 Did ye but know how seldom fortune's just,
 So many silly dupes would not in vain
 Of broken credit—and of fate complain:
 Of all the various wretches play has made,
 How few have been upon the square betray'd?
 Convinc'd by reason we a sleight detect,
 Nor practise what we treat with disrespect,
 Convinc'd that truth will honestly protect.

PROLOGUE.

P R O L O G U E.

Spoken by Mr. T. SMITH, at a Private Benefit.

BEFORE the breast factitious feelings knew,
 Or art had cross'd the line which nature drew;
 E'er speaking eyes were taught in fashion's school,
 To laugh by method, and to cry by rule;
 Roscius, whom nations still immortalize,
 Drew genuine tears from every Roman's eyes:
 Succeeding ages as they grew refin'd,
 The heart neglected to allure the mind;
 Till Garrick rose—made excellence his own,
 And seated Nature on her long lost throne.
 Permit me to his truest copies here,
 To pay a kind, a tributary tear,
 Powell and Holland—each a worthy name,
 While nature rules supreme shall shine in fame;
 That won the heart, with this the judgment pleas'd,
 And the strong passions by the softer eas'd.
 Since they are gone, to what are left be kind,
 And cherish rising merit as we find:
 To every gleam of genius favour give,
 Tho' Garrick's great—he cannot always live.
 To-night a medley we present to view,
 Some part you've known, but some you never knew;
 For if the tragic muse should make you cry,
 The comic here attends to wipe your eye.

Variety, I'm told, is all your joy,
 We'll give variety which shall not cloy.
 First, then, on you my kind respects attend,
 And next behind on every generous friend ;
 To all I'm bound—who come to act or see,
 Since 'tis to serve my family and me.

AN IMITATION of OTWAY.

WHO'd be that slavish drudging thing a scullion,
 To bow, and fawn, and cringe upon a cook,
 For scraps which dogs themselves obtain ?—
 It shall be so—I'll gain that apple-pye unasked for,
 Wait on, and watch the most convenient time :
 Then, when the cook and butler are at dinner,
 I'll break upon it in a storm of hunger,
 Beat down the plastic walls of crust before me,
 And gormandize till appetite grows sick ;
 Then, by denial, clear myself from blame,
 Enjoy the theft, and yet avoid the shame.

PROLOGUE.

P R O L O G U E.

Spoken at a Ladies Boarding School, by the Governess's
Son.

WE selfish men monopolize the parts,
In arms, in trade, in government, in arts;
In arms, as strongest, doubtless 'tis our due,
Perhaps in trade, as ablest to pursue;
In government we boast the first decree,
But women can command as well as we;
For all must own that women are as fit
For the soft parts of eloquence and wit.
'Tis from this thought my mother bid me say,
This night she bring her pupils into play;
These tender pledges, trusted to her care,
In public life hereafter must appear;
From fancied groves they'll pass to real scenes,
For these to fit them is the most she means:
To form their accent and improve their air,
Not to make players, but to mend the fair.

Ladies, mistake not virtue for her shade,
Nor think the art as guilty as the trade;
'Tis ornament alone we aim to teach,
The grace of motion, and the charms of speech;
These suit alike the gay and the devour,
For great's the difference, or I'm greatly out,

Betwixt

Betwixt the business and the shine of life,
 Betwixt an actress and a polish'd wife:
 The first of these tho' virtue must despise,
 Yet in each youth what transport would arise,
 To hear it said of her his soul approves,
 She speaks like Pallas, and like Juno moves.

Even in those nymphs who labour but for hire,
 True action and true utterance we require;
 All to what end, that they may copy well
 Those who have learnt the secret to excel.

The above prologue has appeared before in print,
 though not in any collection similar to this.—The au-
 thor, therefore, imagines that its peculiar beauty, and
 its being but little known, will sufficiently apologize for
 its insertion in this original collection.

The

THE HOURS OF CONSEQUENCE; or, PRO-
GRESSIVE DECEPTION.

THE helper in the stable gets up at six o'clock in the morning and cleans the footman's shoes, "There," says he, "no man in England gives a better gloss than myself." He then presents them in a most obsequious manner to the footman, who, being thus waited upon, begins to strut, and fancy himself a man of very great consequence.—But, alas! seven o'clock arrives, and Mr. Skip begins to find himself mistaken in his notions; for a call obliges him to wait upon my Lord's gentleman, who being thus superciliously attended, erects his crest, and has the impudence to plume himself upon his importance, and continues in a very sublime humour till ten o'clock, when his lordship, rising upon the stilts of honour, by the trifling tinkling of a little bell, makes him understand his real estimation.—At eleven o'clock his lordship attends the levee of the prime minister, whom he finds humming an opera tune over the affairs of the nation, and cringes as low to the man in office, as his own domestics did before to him. At twelve o'clock the minister himself attends the king, and eyes his looks, as if his life depended on his transient frowns and smiles; and yet each individual of these, during his fit of pride, has the impudence to suppose himself one of the most important and consequential beings in nature.

The

The following ingenious Epilogue was written some years ago, by a young man, who was a private soldier in the Buffs, but possessed of great merit, as the beauty of this detached performance will evince; it was inserted in this collection by the unanimous desire of several gentlemen; and the reasons made use of to apologize for the insertion of the Prologue spoken at a Ladies boarding school by the governess's son, may be applicable in this place.

E P I L O G U E.

In the character of Somebody, spoken with a malicious design against Nobody.

WELL, Somebody I see at last is come,
 And Nobody I hope is left at home;
 That frightful shadow would have marr'd the joke,
 Had Nobody been here, the devil an epilogue should I have spoke.

Ladies and gentlemen, pray note me well,
 I hither come of certain wrongs to tell,
 Which I have suffer'd from that crazy noddy,
 You understand me now, I mean Nobody.
 An upstart spark that swaggers thro' the streets,
 And takes the wall of every one he meets,
 Does every where impose himself for me,
 Talks much—thinks none, and cocks his hat, d'y'fee,
 And all the while the rascal's Nobody;

The }

The griping miser fate brimful of care,
 When the wind chanc'd to make the window jar,
 Sudden he starts—Oh Lord—my gold, I'll swear,
 Yes, I will swear it, Somebody is here;
 Then kindles up a light, and runs to see,
 And ferrets all the house in search of me,
 And at the last, he found, fir,—Nobody.
 Since Nobody was fairly then detected,
 It's hard that Somebody should be suspected.
 A freak like this the jealous husband play'd,
 Who thought his wife had brutify'd his head;
 I have it here, quoth he, and looks amont,
 But, damme, Somebody shall suffer for't;
 And all the while Nobody had been at the sport.
 The brisk young virgin goes to church array'd
 In shining silks, in tiffues, and brocade;
 The sparkling glances of her eyes declare,
 The heart of Somebody she wou'd ensnare;
 But, if accus'd, she furiously denies,
 Sir, let me die, you put me in surprize;
 I'm sure I look'd at Nobody, she cries:
 Then let her wed him, faith, and she'll be sped,
 For Nobody, as I have heard it said,
 Is with a bride bad company in bed.
 But as for me, I am a faithless blade,
 And have deluded many an easy maid;
 The protestations which Somebody have spoke,
 Somebody here can tell have oft been broke.
 Ah! gentle maidens, of your hearts take care,
 The words of Somebody are light as air.

But, jests be wav'd, since none but friends are here,
 It is my duty to conclude sincere:
 Then thus, in humble manner, I impart
 The ardent wishes of a grateful heart;
 Long may prosperity attend you all,
 And may misfortunes on Nobody fall.

A LECTURE on FOPPERY,

In the Character of a COXCOMB.

FLORIO, a coxcomb of distinguish'd note,
 Proud of the glitter of a gold-lac'd coat,
 Thought all embellishments of mind were low,
 And much beneath the notice of a beau:
 To glitter in the side-box at the play,
 Or at the ball to bear the belle away;
 To be the sovereign arbitrer at tea,
 Nice in the conduct of the high toupee:
 These were concerns of most prodigious weight,
 Enough to sink a minister of state;
 He'd tell a lady, like an useful friend,
 How a boil'd lap-dog might complexions mend:
 What made the hands most delicately white,
 Or gave the greatest brilliancy to sight;
 The fairest lineaments of beauty trace,
 And most delightfully inform a face;

Learn'd

Learn'd as a Nabob in the sparkling gem,
 He takes a pride in regulating them ;
 Can foreheads mend with geometric care,
 And subdivide the shadow of an hair :
 To him how many features owe their bloom,
 How many thousand heads their rich perfume ;
 Wrinkles upon the forehead he dethron'd,
 And many eyebrows him as father own'd.
 Thus Florio rov'd about from miss to miss ;
 But never tasted one substantial bliss :
 He thought each hair upon his head a dart,
 And that each hair deserv'd a woman's heart,
 No single fair could charm—and the whole sex,
 He sadly fear'd, would horribly perplex.

Resolv'd, at length he for a painter sent,
 With this most eminently wise intent,
 To have the portrait of a beauty drawn,
 Fair as Apollo rising in the morn ;
 And then to wait, with apathy resign'd,
 To match the portrait in the female kind.

Draw me, says he, a portrait heav'nly fair,
 With mien engaging—and enchanting air ;
 Let her bright eyes like sparkling brilliants glow,
 And in her cheeks the fairest roses blow ;
 Her skin must charm the touch, and please the sight,
 Smooth to excess, and delicately white :

Her hair imagination must surpass,
 Black as the jett, and smooth as polish'd glass :
 Her breasts must thro' transparent gauze appear,
 White as the snow, and as the lilly clear :
 Her lips must with the ruby vie,
 And the plump cherry's luscious charms defy,
 Inviting to the aromatic bliss,
 Of tasting nectar in a balmy kiss :
 All charms uniting, like a meteor blaze,
 And fix mankind in lethargy of gaze.
 A perfect beauty is the thing I'll have,
 Or else I'll walk unmarried to the grave.

The artful painter literally drew,
 And brought the fop's ideal fair to view;
 What's here, amaz'd, cry'd Florio in a pet ?
 Snow—lillies—roses—rubies—gauze and jet !
 Brilliants so bright, and gloss so very pale,
 And, faith, a meteor with a blazing tail !
 A portrait this, says Florio, in a huff;
 This senseless, stupid, complicated stuff !

Sir, says the painter, had you bade me draw
 A finish'd beauty after Nature's law,
 I then, perhaps, the real thing had hit;
 But you describe with such a deal of wit,
 That as I've work'd, by your instruction given,
 I've drawn a thing unknown in earth or heaven.

IMPUDENCE,

I M P U D E N C E,

A L E C T U R E.

EVER since modesty has been kicked out of doors, the only way to rise in the world is by the help of impudence; a brazen face will make a weighty purse.

It is impudence which gives the statesman success; the lawyer eloquence; the blockhead consequence; and the lover what he sighs for; what he lies for; and what he dies for.

I shall not define impudence like some very learned gentlemen, by telling what it is not; but shall in a few words let you understand what it is.

Impudence is that self-flattering quality, which makes a man suppose that he possesses what he never had, and understands what he never knew. That he is admired when ridiculous, and important when contemptible; in fine, the impudent man is very great in his own eyes, and very little in those of every one else.

But, now to prove my postulatums by facts, or, as a very learned lawyer once observed, to exemplify the case by examples, I shall first begin with the humdrum politician.

A fellow

A fellow, who having been born in a garret, the highest room in a house, thinks he has an undoubted right to possess the highest post in the nation; and having once in his life steered a drunken friend safely home, imagines himself able to steer an intoxicated kingdom into the bay of tranquillity. Now, suppose me to be a politician; for to tell you a profound secret in private, which I give you leave to whisper in public, I have in my time been foolish enough to dip my spoon into the dirty puddle of political porridge.

I love fun and mischief as dear as my life,
 • For when I go home, I can tell it my wife,
 I did so and so—I in extasy cry,
 Gave this man black eyes—and gave that man the lye;
 I broke twenty lamps in one place, I protest;
 One ask'd, why I did it?—I told him, in jest; *ha, ha, ha,*
 What think you of this?—Says my wife, a great deal,
 As she sits quite unable her joy to conceal;
 Then cries to son Jacky, a good-temper'd lad,
 I hope, my dear child, you'll be just like your dad.

Ah! says he, that I will, Wilkes and Liberty for ever,

For the good of my body I pick up a punk,
 For the good of my country I daily get drunk,
 For the good of my friends, I go weekly to club,
 Where, some I abuse, and others I drub;

For

*a deep trap to the side, eyes, eye keep it up, what's life without
 a stroke as my friend Beger says*

- For the good of my credit, I spend all I get,
- Which makes my poor wife most horribly fret ;
- For the good of my pockets, I put no cole in,
- For money is weighty, and soon wears them thin ;
- For the good of the king, nought my spirit can curb,
- I riot for him, and his subjects disturb ;
- For the good of my soul, I four times yearly pray ;
- That is, on the morning of each quarter day ;
- And to prove my authority, make my wife feel
- The weight of my arm, till she twists like an eel ;
- And when she don't calmly submit to controul,
- She must fast, and must pray, for the good of her soul ;
- For ever all these good intentions I'll keep,
- And Politics talk till I fall fast asleep.

la, ha,
Now you have seen a wou'd-be statesman, I'll beg you to notice one, who having been famous for his dexterity in the management of the reins of a running-horse at New-market, was deemed capable of managing the reins of government : he is a perfect genius, always wearing two faces—professing friendship with one, and betraying his friend with the other ; smiling on one side in the face of his master, and on the other lowering destruction on those who oppose his arbitrary measures.

You'll allow these to have a tolerable degree of assurance, but now behold a man who thinks politics beneath his care, and indeed every thing else except his own fantastical person—A fribble, I mean.

Hem !

Hem! I've got a miserable cough,
 But hope, with care, in time it will go off:
 I've had most horrid cruel luck to day;
 For what d'ye think? my monkey's run away.
 My poor dear pug, that was so very droll,
 Joy of my heart, and comfort to my soul:
 He's gone, with tears I must his loss deplore,
 For I shall never—never see him more!
 But oh! I saw Miss Sprightly in the Park,
 And run up to her gay as any lark;
 "Madam," says I, "you're so immensely fair,
 As, Devil take my sword-knot, makes me stare;
 And so resplendent in beauty shine,
 That, strike me stupid, you appear divine."
 But after all these (Hem!) compliments I'd made,
 She walk'd away, and not a word she said:
 But may I never wound another heart,
 If I don't slight her charms, and make her smart,
 And murder her with my neglectful dart.

The characters exhibited to view,
 You'll own are impudent, and dress'd anew.



F I N I S.

